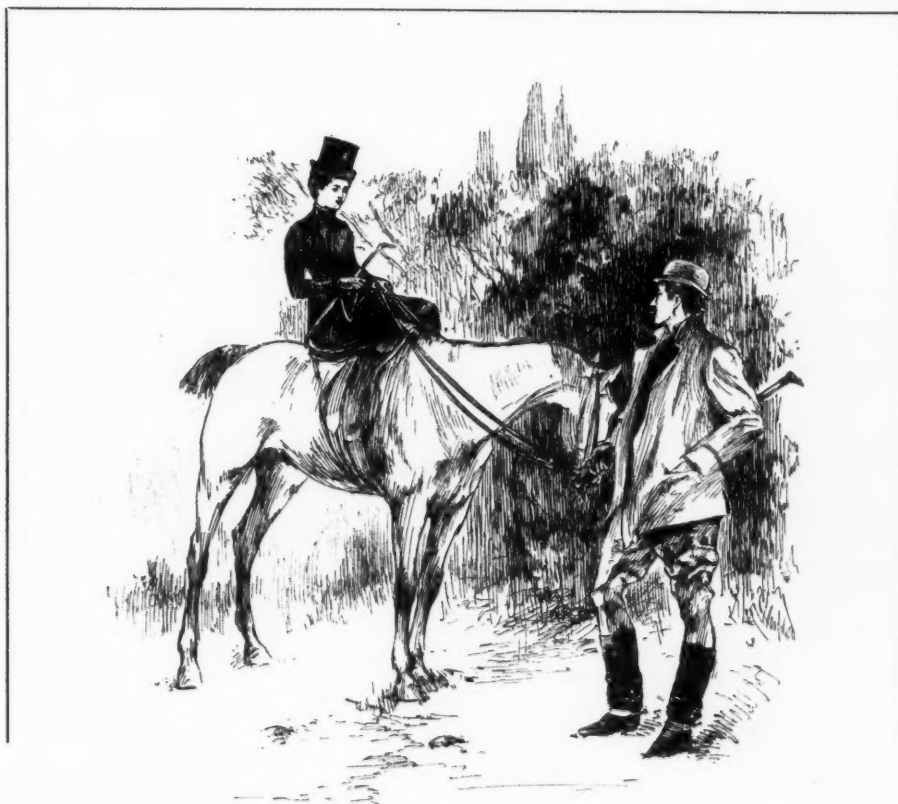
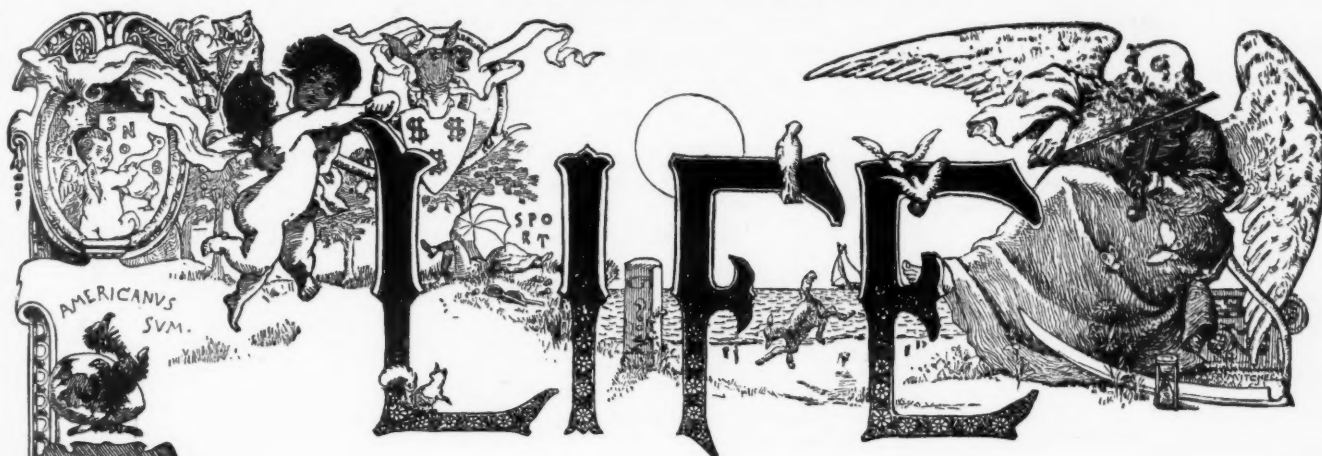


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STILL HOPE.

He: I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T LOVE ME. I DON'T ASK FOR THAT. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU WILL LET ME LOVE YOU.

She: CAN'T YOU WAIT TILL I MARRY SOMEBODY?



~ C. G. Ganther's Sons ~ ~ Furs ~

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Ready December Twentieth.

To be Published Monthly.

LIFE'S CALENDAR

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ASTROLOGICAL PROGNOSTICATIONS,

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No Family Should Be Without It.

IT WILL TEACH YOU TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH PO

And all for the small price of

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To be had of all Newsdealers and Booksellers.





He: FANNY BROWN IS ENGAGED. GUETH WHO TO?

She: WHAT! THAT STUPID, SNUB-NOSED, COMMON LITTLE CREATURE? WHO ON EARTH IS GOING TO BE FOOL ENOUGH TO MARRY HER?

He: WELL—ER—THAT ITH—I AM.



Old Dog: IT'S OF NO USE, MY BOY; YOU'LL NEVER OBTAIN YOUR END."

AN IMPROVEMENT.

I'VE read of the swain of olden time,
Who sought from the maiden of his love,
Because it had touched her dainty hand,
The gift of her little cast-off glove.

Poor fool! Our youth shows wisdom's gain,
For slyly, with skillful hand he snips
A bit from his best girl's spotted veil,
Because it has pressed her rosy lips!



AN ELOQUENT TROPHY.

"THAT'S A COAT I WORE DURING MY TIGER-HUNTING TRIP TO BEY-PORE."

"ISN'T IT CUT RATHER QUEERLY?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, THE TAILS SORT OF GREW THAT WAY WHEN I SAW MY FIRST QUARRY."

MRS. BLOOBUMPER: What is the difference between base ball and foot ball?

BLOOBUMPER: In base ball the kicking is not really part of the game.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER 18, 1890. No. 416.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. and XV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

ARE we to have the copyright bill signed and all complete in our Christmas stocking? At this writing it has passed the House, and its final success seems to be assured. Our friend, Judge Payson, of Chicago—how does he feel about it, and will it detract from the merriment of his Christmas? LIFE hopes not. It believes the measure will do no decent man any harm, and will do plenty of excellent men a lot of good. The publishers are already rubbing their hands—not at the prospect of huge gains, but in being able soon to do business in an honorable and satisfactory manner; print good books, to sell them, and to share the gain therefrom with the authors. LIFE doesn't want to crow about this bill until international copyright is unquestionably out of the woods; but with the prospect as it is, it is excusable to hug one's self, and take joyful notice that another mean little smirch is about to be wiped off our country's reputation, and that there will shortly be one less obstacle between the American author and his living.

LIFE hopes that the passage of the bill and consequent emoluments of American writers will promptly transfer a good many pens from the business of making newspapers to the business of making books. A large company of writers of fiction, in particular, can be spared from the news columns of American journals, to the great advantage and satisfaction of readers. At present, much of the joy that might result from the perusal of the daily papers is eliminated by the possibilities that any particularly pleasant newspaper narrative lacks the element of truth. Take, for example, the story of Chief Two-Strikes, the hostile Sioux, who, being questioned by Father Jule as to the cause of the existing outbreak, calmly laid it all to the census man, whose count was so defective that the chiefs were sure that the rations to be issued on the basis of it would not go around. So they went out on strike. That is a delightful story if you can

believe it. But that even the untutored savage should have realized the incompetence of Mr. Porter's enumerators sounds really too amusing to be true.

PROPOS of a remark attributed to Bismarck, that he had been the means of liberating 80,000 human souls from their encumbering carcasses, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* raises the question whether Bismarck is as great a man as Dr. Koch, who bids fair just now to score his four-score thousand, and indefinitely more, of lives preserved every year. Dr. Koch must be conceded to be a very great fellow if his lymph does all he hopes it will. But, after all, the importance of lives lies not in their number, but in their quality. There are plenty of people in the world, and in Europe especially there is no little disposition to consider that the man who creates 80,000 vacant situations does as well by his country as the one who presents 80,000 unexpected applicants for work. Speaking of England, General Booth declares that it would be more merciful to poison her "submerged tenth" out of the world, than to let them live on it as they do. There are plenty of lives for use, and if Bismarck's work was worth 80,000 of them, it must not be condemned because of its price, any more than Stanley's last trip is necessarily to be condemned on analogous grounds.

A GREATER artist than even the one who saves lives is he who makes worthless ones worth living. If General Booth succeeds in any notable measure in the feat he has attempted in this line, he will be a worthy rival of either Bismarck or Koch. He is the sensation of the hour, and Tolstoi and the author of the late Robert Elsmere may just as well take in their signs until we get through with him.

AND speaking of sensations past—if Mr. Parnell were to find a temporary job as a hermit somewhere, wouldn't that be his best plan?

IT was singularly noble of the *New York Herald* to nominate Col. Dana, of the *Sun* for senator, the more so because there is another election creeping on, and if Col. Dana sticks to the *Sun* he can be relied upon to distribute his surplus circulation around among his neighbors whenever the game is called. The only thing, be it said, in the newspaper world that can match Col. Dana's capacity to dissipate a circulation, is his wonderful ability in gathering up a new one.



New Girl: PLEASE, MUM, THE FIRE'S OUT, AND THE COOK WANTS TO KNOW WHERE'S THE KEROSENE.

Mistress: WE DON'T KEEP KEROSENE, BUT IF YOU ARE IN A HURRY, YOU WILL FIND A SMALL KEG OF POWDER IN MY HUSBAND'S ROOM.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

HE: When I was in Chicago I mailed a letter of introduction, and in a short time I received an invitation to call. Afterwards, in Boston, I mailed a similar letter of introduction, but received no reply.

SHE: And have you been able to fathom the mystery?

HE: I have. In Chicago the letter of introduction was from a Boston friend, and in Boston from a Chicago friend.



POKER TERMS:
"A KING FULL."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

MRS. O'FLAHERITY: Your sister has another child, Pat.

MR. O'FLAHERITY: Is it a boy or a girl?

"A girl."

"Huroo! I'm an aunt at last."

MISS ROXY: Why do you object to dear mamma's going with us to the theatre?

MR. SPATTS: My dear girl, I love you for yourself alone.

"**W**HERE have you been, Rex," remarked Miss Flossie to her mastiff; and as the noble animal winked cheerfully and laid a portion of Charles Henry's Sunday trousers at her feet, she continued: "You bad doggie, I'm afraid you've been off on another tear."

CALLER: Where's your father?

URCHIN: He's shinglin'.

CALLER: The barn?

URCHIN: No, Tommy.

BOOKINESS

THE EXEGESIS OF FICTION.

DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON has undertaken the solemn task of writing an essay of more than two hundred pages on "The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature" (Longmans). The ponderous and elaborate machinery of an old-fashioned "Mental Philosophy" (as it used to be called), with certain modern improvements supposed to be "advanced," is employed to spread the subject through fifteen chapters, in which are discussed, with pomp and soberness, the scientific, aesthetic and moral value of fiction; its exhibition of power, suffering, love, the ludicrous, and social life; and its general relations to art, morals and science.

All of which is a beautiful illustration of how seriously we take ourselves and our amusements. The same type of mind which used to revel in octavos of exegesis of Genesis, now finds pleasure in philosophizing about fiction and other arts. One is reminded of the professor of rhetoric who was accustomed to discuss the subject of Grace and Lightness of Style under fourteen heads and twenty-five sub-heads—and never saw the humor of the performance.

Some interest attaches to the present essay through its apposite quotations from the mass of writing on the subject of fiction which the past five years has produced. A few important writers, and a great many who are sure they are important, are represented in these lucubrations.

The summary of Mr. Thompson's philosophy of fiction is: 1. *Form a plan of something distinct and definite to be done.* 2. *Do that and nothing else in each case.* 3. *Do it well.* These rules are worthy of our old friend and philosopher, *Mr. Jack Bunshy*; and the beauty of them is that they are just as true and useful in boot and shoe making as in novel writing.

NOTES.—"Lyrics for a Lute" (Houghton), by Frank Dempster Sherman, is the product of good taste and literary feeling. The verses have form and finish—yet they are free from affectation, unless there is, now and then, the affectation of simplicity. One may like best those poems under the divisions of "Love" and "Books"—for both may flourish in a library, and the author is a poet of the library.

"Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book;
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the South, and one
To speed the red departing sun."

Among the handsome holiday books which have appeared since our recent summary, are W. Hamilton Gibson's "Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine" (Harper's), with the author's effective pictures of flower and bird life; Benjamin Ellis Martin's delightful wanderings "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" (Scribner's)—a richly bound and printed



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Pat (to parrot, who has just finished whistling "God Save the Queen"): BEGORRA, IT'S A DUM GOOD THING YE HEV GREEN FITHERS ON YEZ: IF YER WAS A CANARY, I'D TWIST YER NICK FER YEZ.

volume with E. D. North's bibliography, the most complete ever published; and Thomas Sergeant Perry's bulky "History of Greek Literature," (Holt), which opens to students who have no knowledge of the classics, a way into a country rich in heroic literature. Its abundant illustrations, and the long extracts from significant Greek writers, make it very attractive for the general reader.

Droch.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO., have just issued a sumptuous edition of Halévy's "Un Mariage d'Amour," translated by Frank Hunter Potter. The attractiveness of the volume is due largely to the twenty-three full page illustrations by Wilson de Meza. These drawings are exquisitely done, and the artist has entered most happily into the spirit of the story. Mr. de Meza's drawings go far toward making this delightful fiction a reality.

NEW BOOKS.

A SELECTION FROM THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. With Illustrations by Alfred Parsons. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Court of the Empress Josephine. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of the Nations. Switzerland. By Lina Hug and Richard Stead. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Voces Populi. By F. Anstey. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

The Century Magazine. May to October, 1890. New York: The Century Company.

St. Nicholas. November, 1889, to October, 1890. Two volumes. New York: The Century Company.

The Century Dictionary. Volume IV. M-P. New York: The Century Company.

The Snake's Pass. By Bram Stoker, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE HEIGHT OF BEAUTY.

YOUNG LADY (*in fur store*): Do you think this cloak is becoming?

PROPRIETOR: Pecoming? My tear young lady, dot cloak make you look so entrancingly beautiful dot if you go a street car in mit dot cloak on, some shentlemans would gif you a zeat.

UP IN THE WORLD.

CLEVERTON (*visiting Dashaway's new room*): Look here (puff), how many more flights have we (puff) to climb? This is (puff, puff) getting to be serious. At this rate heaven (puff, puff, puff) can't be far off.

DASHAWAY: Heaven! We passed that ten minutes ago.



"A VERY BAD HABIT."

TOO HASTY.

"IT breaks my heart to think of it."
"What does?"

"Old Bullion failed and I broke off my match with his daughter."

"Well?"

"It turns out Bullion had turned over all his property to his wife."

A RUSTIC was boasting of a "big job" he had done in having a tooth taken out which had ached "like lightnin'."

"What did you have to do about it, so great, except to furnish the tooth?" asked a bystander.

"Why, dummit, I hild the socket doown."



WELL MEANT.

Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy): LONG LIFE TO YER HONOR; SURE I'LL NIVER SEE A GOOSE AGIN BUT I'LL THINK OF YEZ!



MUST ALL THE WORLD E LO



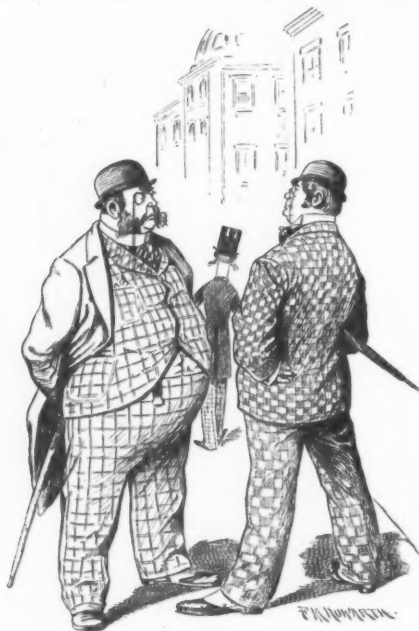
A BROKEN MIRROR.

THE silver-circled looking-glass
I gave into my Dora s keeping
Is lying shattered now, alas !
And so my dearest girl is weeping.

Does all this grief her bosom swell
Because her pretty toy is broken,
Or fears she lest the loss foretell
The death of him who gave the token ?

In either case, could Dora see
How very plain she looks when crying,
She'd weep for neither glass nor me,
Though one were smashed and one were dying.

S. St. G. Lawrence.



PROOF.

First Britisher: THERE GOES THE DUKE OF MUDDY WATER. HE'S AN ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS FELLOW.

Second Ditto: WORTHLESS? OH, I DON'T KNOW.

First Britisher: YES, HE IS. HE HAS BEEN REFUSED BY THREE AMERICAN HEIRESESSES.

Second Ditto: YOU DON'T SAY SO. WELL, HE MUST BE WORTHLESS.

RED is a very striking color; in fact, it always hits the bull's eye.

AN absorbing subject—A piece of blotting paper.



A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

"WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE, BESSY, A DOLL, OR A BOX OF CANDIES?"

"I DUNNO, MAGGIE, IT'S HARD TO SAY; DOLLS IS NICE, AN' CANDIES IS JUST delicious!"

General Chorus: YOU BET!



STAGE NOTES.

THE tenth performance of "Sudden Death" will occur next Monday evening. The anniversary will be marked by the usual handsome souvenir.

* * *

That versatile young tragedian, Mr. O'Brien McIntyre will join the "Countless Ties" company at Hartford, next week. It is understood that Mr. McIntyre's financial backer is Mr. Simpson, of the Bowery.

* * *

Next Sunday evening, Mr. Larry Smith, the genial second-assistant gasman at the Bazoo Theatre, will be tendered a benefit at the Madison Square Garden. Unless otherwise engaged, Mr. Edwin Booth will do the curse scene from "Patience," Miss Mary Anderson will recite "Curfew shall not Toll To-night," Mr. Henry Irving will give imitations of Mr. Henry A. Dixey, and Henry M. Stanley will tell how he rescued the survivors of the Jeannette

HARD PRESSURE.

JAGWAY: Have you heard the news about Travers?
 He is training to become a sprinter.
 KINGLEY: What forced him to that?
 JAGWAY: His creditors.

THE SAME, YET DIFFERENT.

FIRST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER: Did that expert show you how it was done?
 SECOND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER: Yes, but he didn't show me how to do it.



THE USUAL REMEDIES.

Customer: I AM TROUBLED WITH RATS IN MY ROOM.
 Druggist: YES, SIR. BROMIDE OR AMMONIA COCKTAIL?

THE LAMENT OF THE BACILLI.

FOR ages we lived, and on mankind we preyed,
 With none to molest us or make us afraid;
 In decillions we throve and quintillions were born,
 To render our enemy, man, more forlorn;
 Though Lilliputs we, yet our forces united
 At last have our Brobdingnag foemen affrighted,
 And with lymph they assail us, till now, like poor Lo,
 Or Chinese cheap labor, we're fated to "go."
 So, trim little headstones we last week bespoke,
 And we yield up our spirits to Pasteur and Koch!



STILL RUNNING.

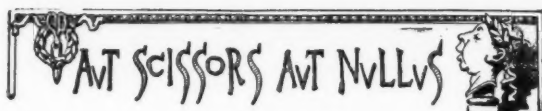
"WERE YOU AT THE OPERA LAST NIGHT?"
 "YES."
 "WHAT DID YOU HEAR?"
 "A VERY INTERESTING CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO LADIES
 AND A DUDE IN ONE OF THE BOXES."

THE *Ladies' Home Journal*, a publication which claims to have a large circulation among the women of this country cold-bloodedly recommends the following conglomeration to its readers for a Christmas breakfast:

Malaga Grapes.	Florida Oranges.
Oatflake and Cream.	
Hot Rolls.	Fried Oysters.
Waffles.	
Cream Toast.	Beefsteak.
Potato Chips.	
Big Hominy.	Fried Sausage.
Coffee.	

Possibly some deluded women, because they see this barbarous array in print, will inflict it on their helpless families. And in those households Christmas which should be merry will become a day of gloom and sour looks and strife. When the fried oyster on which has been piled waffles, and beefsteak and big hominy and the deadly sausage refuses to digest, the wretched husband will arise and brain the ignorant wife who has brought such a weight of woe on a family that wanted to enjoy a merry Christmas. And perhaps when little Tommy is gouging out little Billy's eyes, and Emily is dragging Susie around by the hair, the gods of gastronomy will visit the barbarian who put such a bill of fare in print and compel him to eat his own meal from Malaga grapes to coffee without omitting a single item.

A CHICAGO IDEA—Armour omnia vincit.



NICHT WAHR?

OF all the tortures known to man
The greatest, we assert,
Is to wear a fifteen collar
Upon a sixteen shirt.

"HENRY," she observed sadly, "you certainly have changed! What has come over you lately to make you so haughty?"

"Miss Twilling," stiffly replied the young man, "while the pleasant relations which have heretofore existed between us will, I trust, remain unchanged, at the same time I find it necessary to maintain the proper amount of dignity in accordance with the more exalted position which I now hold in society. You are evidently not aware of the fact, but I have recently invested some of my capital in, and I am now wearing, a suit of genuine silk underwear."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"AN Arctic night, lasting as it does 141 days, is no joke, I can tell you; I should not care to go through it again!"

"Why, man, I think it is splendid; fancy saying to a creditor: 'Please call again to-morrow morning!'"—*O Thomareuse.*

LITTLE Mamie, during her arithmetic lesson, recently asked her school teacher how old she was.

Said the teacher, who had already passed her thirtieth birthday, with the naiveté of which ladies are sometimes capable when confronted with awkward questions: "I can only say, my dear, I have passed addition and have entered subtraction."

The child looked puzzled and the teacher smiled a wise, far away smile.—*New York Mercury.*

DAPPER: What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever expressed itself on your experience?

SNAPPER: Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartet perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang "There's music in the air."—*Boston Courier.*

BROWN: The law in this State gives the widow her third, doesn't it?

JONES: Not until after she has got rid of the second.—*Exchange.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT: Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?

No reply.

SUPERINTENDENT (somewhat sternly): Can't no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

LITTLE BOY (badly frightened): It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fair Skin . . .
as Soft as Silk.

A Kansas Girl on Horseback writes: "I spend half my time in the open air in the saddle, on the prairie, and in spite of the sharp western winds, my skin is as soft as silk, and as fair as any one could wish—all due to Packer's Tar Soap, which I have used for years, and consider the finest thing for the complexion."

Packer's Tar Soap is pure, mild and curative. A luxury for Bath and Shampoo. It soothes while it cleanses.



AND HELIO-VIOLET SACHET POWDER.

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FURRIER,
EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN FUR CAPES,
JACKETS AND LONG GARMENTS.



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Received the Grand Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, 1889.

Headquarters for Russian Sables.
The above cut, recently used by mistake in another advertisement, is the property of Mr. A. Jaeckel.

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Heliotrope Sachet

OAKLEY'S
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Are of acknowledged
Superiority.

A Pretty Box of Two
Bottles 1 1/4 ounce size,
makes a Reasonable
and Acceptable Holiday Gift.

OAKLEY'S
QUEEN COLOGNE.

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Use only the "Whiting Standard Papers." You will find them to fill all the requirements of polite society. Every dealer in the United States can supply you with the fine correspondence papers made exclusively by the Whiting Paper Company, of Holyoke, Mass. Use no others. New York Offices, 150 and 152 Duane Street.



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LADIES' TAILOR.

**GRAND ANNUAL SALE OF ALL MODELS,
COMMENCING DECR. 1st, ENDING XMAS EVE.**

EVERYTHING WILL BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

Seal Coats and All Furs Will Share in the Reduction.

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COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

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LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample package, 10 cts. **THE PEDINE CO., New York.**



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LADIES' TAILORS
& DRESSMAKERS,
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An early inspection is solicited.

Ladies can have Garments made without personal fitting.

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ALL PIANOS FULLY WARRANTED CATALOGUES FREE

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For the Nursery, For Steamer Traveling,
For the Sick Room, For the Railway Carriage,
For the Bath, For Yachting.

For Men, Women, Children and the Baby, \$2.75 to \$35, with Hood and Girdle complete, and

FOR MORNING AND NIGHT USE GENERALLY.
Those having occasion to be up nights will find them indispensable.

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STEAMER TRAVELING**

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(MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.)

Samples and full information sent on application.

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— AND —
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or East India Sleeping Suits, and Long Night Shirts, made from the best English Flannels, Cotton and Silk, for Steamer, Sleeping Car, Yachting or Hunting.

Medium and heavy weights for Men & Children

At NOYES BROS.'

Grenadine and Bengaline.

We are now exhibiting a complete and varied stock of Thin Fabrics for Ball and Reception Dresses.

Full lines of Chiffon, Crepon, China and Japanese Crepes, in White, Ivory, Cream and all the new tints.

We have also placed in the Grenadine Department four new lines of Imported Bengaline, in Street and Evening Shades, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.75 per yard. The remainder of our Paris Dinner Dress Patterns at \$12.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00.

An exhibit of the above is now made in the new show windows, on Broadway.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway and 11th St.,
New York.

THIS SPACE has been occupied for several months by the announcement of the Londonderry Lithia Spring Water. Have you tried it? If not, let this induce you to get a case of the Sparkling. When taken with meals it gives zest to the appetite, and often prevents disagreeable consequences from over indulgence in rich food. A well-known gentleman says: "Of one thing I am absolutely certain, the use of wines produces uric acid and the use of Londonderry Lithia removes it."

"I consider it the finest table water I ever saw, not to mention its medicinal qualities."

H. N. Logan, M.D.

Ask for it at your club or in dining car.

Main Office, Nashua, N. H.

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